THE

POLYANTHOS.

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SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *THE HON. G. R. MINOT, ESQ.*

WITH A PORTRAIT.

TO the greater part of men, the history of a private citizen is uninteresting. It is generally too barren of incident to afford novelty, or excite curiosity; and its examples are too obscure to enlist prejudice, or to gratify malice. There are some, however, who delight to trace the tenour of a well spent life; to whom its progress from innocence to virtue is at once pleasing and instructive: And when virtues are freed from the suspicion of weakness, by an alliance with a vigorous and comprehensive mind, they become interesting and worthy of observation—on account of their singularity, at least—for, in looking round among the living and the dead, we are compelled to acknowledge, that we find very few substantially and independently good.

GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT, the subject of our present memoir, was the youngest son of Mr. Stephen Minot, a very respectable merchant. He was born in Boston, in 1758. His youth presents a series of depressing embarrassments, which thwarted the inclination he discovered at an early age for a learned profession. The fortune of his father was straitened by unsuccessful adventures; and the political condition of our country, at that time extremely unpropitious to literary occupations, exhibited the appearances of hostility and revolution to a boy of weak and declining health.

To poverty, the times, and personal infirmity, Mr. Minot successfully opposed ardent ambition and unwearied perseverance. In 1774 he entered Harvard University, where he received the highest honours which classmates or instructors could bestow. On taking the degree of Master of Arts, he made the valedictory oration, which was much admired for pure and elegant Latinity.

Leaving Cambridge, he returned to Boston, and entered himself a student at law. During his pupilage he devoted his hours of relaxation to the most accomplished Latin and English historians, and to the study of the purest models of style and composition.

In 1782 Mr. Minot was admitted to the bar. He possessed a clearness and distinctness of perception; a readiness of mind, which could freely apply its capacities, unembarrassed, to any pursuit; and a love of

labour, adapted to extensive acquisition in his profession. His elocution was manly, elegant, and deliberate. He had a winning manner, but wanted assurance; he wanted the uncourteous retort and the spirit which exults in litigation and tumult. From this cause, though a respectable advocate and valued counsellor, he never gained at the bar a reputation equal to his general talents.

At the request of the inhabitants of Boston, Mr. Minot delivered an oration on the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. This oration is now forgotten, with the occasion which produced it. He was one of an association of gentlemen, that founded the "Boston Magazine," the earliest periodical paper of much celebrity, in New-England. Under the direction of Mr. Minot and his friends, it possessed a degree of merit which has not been exceeded by any subsequent work of the kind.

Mr. Minot's first considerable literary production was "The History of the Rebellion in Massachusetts, in 1786." In the office of clerk of the House of Representatives, which he then held, he had access to every authentick document relative to the causes which produced the rebellion. This induced an attempt to write on a subject so deeply interesting to every citizen of the Commonwealth, and so well understood by himself. To this undertaking he was competent; and his success surpassed his own expectations and the anticipations of his friends. The historian was cool, sagacious

and reflecting. Aloof from the prejudices of party, he thought as a citizen of the world. All praised his veracity and impartiality, and none were offended by his representations. The work was universally commended for lucid and connected narration, elegant and perspicuous style. This reputation introduced the author to the notice of men of learning and talents; and from that time, he numbered amongst his friends many of the most distinguished characters of our country.*

Mr. Minot filled several civil offices connected with his profession. He was Judge of Probate and Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Suffolk, and Judge of the Municipal Court of Boston; all of which he sustained with the character of judicial skill and strict probity.

The next important work which Mr. Minot wrote was "The History of the Province of Massachusetts-Bay," from the year 1748 to 1765, comprehending a period very little known even by men of literature. He shews in this work, that the germe of sovereignty was inserted in the nature and constitution of the colony; that its increase to national greatness necessarily induced national independence; which was gradually approaching, by the laws of political progression, and could not be much retarded or

* As an instance of exemption from the reproach of indifference to letters, which perhaps has been too freely bestowed on our countrymen, it may be mentioned, that the profits of the History of the Rebellion, after defraying its expenses, exceeded one hundred pounds.

accelerated by adventitious circumstances. He describes the struggles of Massachusetts against the treachery of the Indians and the jealousy of the French, and traces the union formed between the neighbouring states by a community of danger. The condition of a young province, successfully contending with powerful and insidious neighbours, like the infant Hercules of the fable, gives an interesting presage of the manly vigour which it afterward attained. From the want of writers cotemporary with the period of it, and the accidental destruction of the records of the government, the History of Massachusetts was the result of long investigation and severe labour. It was, however, happily accomplished. Those who have read it think it authentick, judicious and elegant; but the greater part of the copies remain on the shelves of the bookseller.

His Eulogy on Washington is fresh in the minds of his fellow-citizens. It is sufficient to say, that it was not excelled by any of the numerous addresses which that occasion produced; and that the splendid and impressive manner in which it was spoken will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him.

Fortune began now to smile upon the man who found, in his own mind, relief against the neglect with which she had hitherto treated him. The writings of Mr. Minot were well received by the publick. Habitual temperance and unremitted at-

tention had given to his health a degree of hardihood and strength, which he had not before enjoyed. The emoluments of his business were large and increasing; and he appeared to be advancing prosperously to distinction and independence, when a rapid and malignant disease put a period to his life, Jan. 2, 1802, in the 44th year of his age.

The talents and the virtues of Mr. Minot were of no mean rank. The wisdom of the plans which he conceived, and his industry, alacrity and accuracy in execution, would certainly have led him, had his life been protracted, to political and literary eminence. To a profound understanding he joined much practical good sense. He knew how to distinguish reality from nature, and with intuitive quickness discovered what part of every object was most worthy to be observed. With a warm and creative imagination, his perceptions were simple. In reasoning he was clear and connected: he could abstract an object from its relations, and place it alone before his eye. Though his scientifick studies were interrupted by professional avocations, and he could not be called a man of profound science, yet his stock of general knowledge was sufficient for common purposes, and gave an illumination to his mind which threw light on every object presented to it.

A long and unbroken intimacy with classical learning had given liberality to his manner of thinking, and afforded him a fe-

licity and readiness of literary allusion, which he used with neatness and elegance in his writings and discourse.

In private life he was a model of morals and of manners. Of unsuspected honour and acknowledged integrity, he felt no regret in looking back on the path which he had trodden, and could trace at a single glance its strict undeviating course. His temper, naturally irascible and violent, was directed to flow in such a channel as to give warmth to his attachments and spirit to his enterprize. He was a sincere and devout christian—not believing it to be the proof of weakness to respect the forms of piety, nor an evidence of understanding or ingenuity to cavil at a system, whose authenticity he felt to be so nearly connected with his happiness. Though his natural disposition was serious and saturnine, he was a cheerful and animated companion, and in his friendships always retained the ardour of youth. In conversation he was fluent and eloquent; his voice was sweet and harmonious, and his whole manner captivating.

Without the advantage of travelling, his deportment was easy and elegant. He had the "unbought grace of nature," and an attractive sweetness, which seem to be spontaneous, and not attainable by labour or imitation.

We should do injustice to the memory of Mr. M. by this feeble and imperfect sketch, without adding the following extracts from

"An Address to the Members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society," by the Hon. John Q. Adams.

"Are you an observer of men, and has it been your fortune only once in your life to behold GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT? You have remarked the elegance of his person and the peculiar charm of expression in his countenance—Have you witnessed his deportment? It bore the marks of graceful simplicity, of dignified modesty, of unassuming urbanity—Have you listened to his conversation? It was the voice of harmony; it was the index to a penetrating and accurate mind; it was the echo to a warm and generous heart. Such appeared Mr Minot, on a first and transient acquaintance; from which period, to that of the most confidential intimacy, our own knowledge, and the unvaried testimony of indisputable authority, concur in affirming that every trace of pleasing first impression was proportionally deepened; every anticipation of sterling worth abundantly fulfilled. His character, as the citizen of a free country, was not less exemplary. The profoundest historian of antiquity has adduced the life of AGRICOLA, as an extraordinary proof that it is possible to be a great and good man, even under the despotism of the worst of princes. Mr. Minot's example may be alleged as a demonstration equally rare under a free republick, that in times of the greatest dissension, and amidst the most virulent rancour of factions, a man

may be great and good, and yet acquire and preserve the esteem and veneration of all. In the bitterness of civil contention, he enjoyed the joint applause of minds the most irreconcileable to each other. Before the musick of his character the very scorpions dropped from the lash of discord; the very snakes of faction listened and sunk asleep! Yet did he not purchase this unanimous approbation by the sacrifice of any principle at the shrine of popularity. From that double-tongued candour which fashions its doctrines to its company; from that cowardice in the garb of good nature, which assents to all opinions because it dares support none; from that obsequious egotism, ever ready to bow before the idol of the day, to make man its god, and hold the voice of mortality for the voice of heaven, he was pure as the crystal streams. Personal invectives and odious imputations against political adversaries he knew to be seldom necessary; he knew that when unnecessary, whether exhibited in the disgusting deformity of their nakedness, or tricked out in the gorgeous decorations of philosophy, whether livid with the cadaverous colours of their natural complexion or flaring with the cosmetick washes of pretended patriotism, they are ever found among the profligate prostitutes of party, and not among the vestal virgins of truth.

"Mr. Minot was successively employed in various offices of trust and of honour. To vice a merciful but inflexible judge; to misfor-

tune a compassionate friend ; to the widow a protector of her rights ; to the orphan one in place of a father : in every station which the voice of his country called him alternately to fill, he displayed that individual endowment of the mind and that peculiar virtue of the heart, which was most essential to the useful exercise of its functions.

" His attainments in literature outstripped the slow advance of years ; in the bloom of youth he was associated to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the Historical Society recognize in him one of their founders.

" He had an ardent and inextinguishable thirst of general knowledge ; but the department of history was that towards which some casual incident, of those which are wont to point the magnet of genius to its polar star, had originally turned the bias of his preference. The result of his labours, in this field, is chiefly before the publick, and is duly appreciated by all who deem any such labours objects of regard. As an historian, authenticity, impartiality, penetration and sagacity, are obvious characters of his writings. His narrative is perspicuous ; his arrangement well delineated : he traces events to their causes, with discriminating eye, and though sparing of his own reflections upon their issue, he skilfully collects and concentrates their rays upon the mind of his reader. He makes no ostentatious display of his moral and intellectual wealth, but gives you the key to the

chambers containing them : It is but opening the door, and treasures in profusion are before you.

" The revolution which separated these States from their connection as Colonies with Great-Britain, and their subsequent confederation, have taken from our local history some of its magnitude and moment. These events have expanded the circle, and increased the multitude of our civil relations. In forming the idea of our country, we are no longer bounded by the scanty dimensions of a petty province. The largest portion of this continent is united under a social compact, which makes its inhabitants equally fellow-citizens of one great and growing empire. To preserve, to strengthen, to perpetuate this union, is the first political duty, as it ought to be the highest glory of every American. Since its establishment, our history has become the history of the nation : and had it been consistent with the wise decrees of Providence to prolong the life of Mr. Minot, we might have hoped that the period which came within the compass of his observation would have been transmitted to future times, with that simplicity and purity of style and manner, that zeal for the civil and religious liberties of man, that instinctive and reflected love of virtue and abhorrence of vice, which flowed spontaneously from his pen. But before he could commence upon this arduous task, there was a previous chasm in our history to be filled. It was a period

of less general interest than those which preceded and followed it; less propitious therefore to the talents and reputation of the historian. But Mr. Minot's primary consideration was the publick utility, and not his own personal fame—It was a labour inadequate indeed to his powers, but necessary to connect the chain of our annals; and unless undertaken by him, it might have remained unaccomplished. Of this work, one volume is in possession of the publick. He was just closing the second, when the pen was wrested from his hand, by that king of terrours, whom the most elevated human capacity and the most perfect human virtues are alike impotent to resist."

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *MAJ. GEN. ISRAEL PUTNAM.*

[*Concluded from page* 155.]

Colonel Putnam was ploughing in his field, when the news arrived of the commencement of hostilities at Concord.—He instantly unyoked his team, and not waiting to change his clothes, repaired to the theatre of action. Upon finding that the British retreated to Boston, and leaving a sufficient force to watch their movements, he returned to Connecticut, and levied a regiment by the authority of the Legislature, and returned to

Cambridge. He was now promoted to be Major-General, by his Colony; and shortly after confirmed by congress in the same rank on the continental establishment. At the battle of *Bunkers-hill*, the presence and animating example of Gen. Putnam, who arrived at a most critical juncture, with the reinforcement, were not less conspicuous than important. He did every thing that an heroick and experienced veteran could accomplish. The enemy pursued to Winter-hill; Putnam made a bold stand, and drove them back under covert of their shipping.

Gen. Putnam took an active part in almost all the engagements of note in the different states. While the head quarters were at Peeks-kill, a lieutenant in the British service, by the name of Palmer, was detected in the camp. Gov. Tryon, who commanded the new levies, demanded him as a British officer, and represented it as a great crime, to put to death a man bearing a commission under his majesty; and very insolently threatened vengeance, if he should be injured. Gen. P. entirely disregarding such childish conduct, wrote the Governour the following spirited reply.

"SIR,

"Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a *spy*—he was tried as a *spy*—he was condemned

as a *spy*—And you may rest assured, Sir, he shall be hanged as a *spy*.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"*His Excellency Gov. Tryon.*"

"P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged."

Upon the loss of fort Montgomery, the commander in chief was determined to have another fortification built to defend the river. And accordingly, his excellency requested Gen. P. by letter to fix upon a proper spot. After thoroughly examining all the places that were proposed, and maturely resolving in his own mind their relative situations, or advantages for offence on the water, and defence on the land, he considered West-Point as the most suitable and advantageous spot; and it has been said with propriety, that the glory of having chosen this rock of our military salvation, depended entirely on his choice. The advantages which this place possessed, both with regard to the river and the land, made it the most suitable that could be pitched upon.

In Jan. 1778, when the snow was two feet deep on the ground, Gen. Parsons' brigade was the first that broke ground. The want of sufficient covering and clothes for the troops, tools, and materials for the works, made the prospect in a high degree gloomy and discouraging. It was necessary that means should be found, though our paper

money, then in circulation, was fast depreciating, and our treasury exhausted. Col. La Badiere, then Engineer, made his estimates of the works, which only served to put the American people in mind of their poverty. It was at this critical juncture that his patriotism shone in full lustre. He can never be too much commended, on account of his exertions to furnish supplies. At that time, he was a very popular character, which he still retains; and he never hesitated in the least, to put all his popularity at risk, when the federal interest demanded it. Notwithstanding the unfavourable prospect of affairs, and the almost innumerable impediments that opposed our progress, the works, before the opening of the campaign, with his assistance, were in great forwardness.

According to a resolution of Congress, Major Gen. M'Dougall, Brigadier Gen. Huntington, and Col. Wigglesworth, were appointed to enquire into military disasters. They now met to consider the loss of fort Montgomery; and upon full knowledge, and mature deliberation of facts, on the spot, reported, as their opinion, that the loss was occasioned by the want of men, and not by any fault in the commanders.

During this investigation, Gen. Putnam was relieved from duty, and as soon as Congress had approved the report, took the command of the right wing of the grand army under the orders of the General in Chief. This was just after the terrible battle of Monmouth.

Gen. Putnam was stationed for the winter at Reading, in Connecticut, in order to cover the country adjoining to the Sound, and to support the garrison of West-Point, in case of an attack. He had, under his orders, the brigade of New-Hampshire, the two brigades of Connecticut, the corps of infantry, commanded by Hayan, and that of calvary, by Sheldon.

The troops began to think, that having been badly fed, badly clothed, and worse paid, that their sufferings were intolerable; and the Connecticut brigades formed the resolution of marching to Hartford, where the General Assembly was then in session, and of demanding redress at the point of the bayonet. Gen. Putnam got intelligence of this movement, and ordering his horse, immediately galloped off to the cantonment, where he thus addressed them:

"My brave lads, whither are you going? do you intend to desert your officers, and to invite the enemy to follow you into the country? Whose cause have you been fighting and suffering so long in, is it not your own? Have you no property, no parents, wives, or children? You have behaved like men so far—all the world is full of your praises—and posterity will stand astonished at your deeds; but not if you spoil all at last. Do not you consider how much the country is distressed by the war, and that your officers have not been any better paid than your selves? But we all expect better times, and

that the country will do us ample justice. Let us all stand by one another then, and fight it out like brave soldiers. Think what a shame it would be for Connecticut-men to run away from their officers." After the several regiments had received the General as he rode along the line, with drums beating and presented arms, the sergeants who then had the command, brought the men to an order, in which position they continued while he was speaking. When he had finished, he directed the acting major of brigade to give the word for them to shoulder, march to their regimental parades, and lodge arms. They executed all those orders with promptitude and seeming good humour. Thus was this disagreeable affair entirely settled.

About the middle of winter, while Gen. P. was on a visit to his out-posts on Horse-Neck, he found Gov. Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of 1500 men ; to oppose this body, our Gen. had only a picquet of 150 men, and two iron field-pieces without horses or drag-ropes. He however planted his cannon on the high ground near the church, and somewhat retarded their approach by firing several times, until he perceived the horse, supported by the infantry, about to charge, he ordered the picquet to provide for their safety by retiring to a swamp inaccessible to the horse ; and secured his own by plunging down a precipice behind the meeting-house, on full trot. The

precipice where he descended on horse-back, is so steep, that it is almost impossible for a person on foot to descend without falling; and there has since been stone steps to the amount of nearly 100 put up, to accomodate foot passengers. The dragoons that were but a sword's length from him, on perceiving the danger, stopped short, and before they could gain the bottom of the hill by going round the ordinary road, he was far beyond their reach. As he was riding down the precipice one ball of the many fired at him, went through his hat.

In the campaign of 1779, which terminated his military career, he commanded the Maryland line posted at Buttermilk-falls, a few miles below West Point. This campaign was principally spent in strengthening the works of West Point, during which, nothing very material occurred.

Gen. Putnam died the 29th of May, 1790.

LOPE DE VEGA.

THE following account of this very remarkable poet is taken from a work entitled Letters from an English Traveller in Spain, which, as we are informed in the Monthly Review, were written by Mr. Dillon.

It is here given, because it contains a more circumstantial account than any which is in the possession of the editor.

"Lope Felix de Vega Carpio, born the 25th November, 1562, was the son of Felix Vega de Carpio, a gentleman of Madrid, who had the reputation of being a very good poet; a turn which he observed with rapture in his child from its infancy, and which the fond parent cherished with the greatest delight. At five years of age young Lope could read Spanish and Latin fluently, and even make verses, which he exchanged with his school-fellows for pictures and other trifles. His father, charmed with this surprizing dawn of genius, spared no pains to cultivate a darling plant that seemed to encourage the most flattering expectations. At the age of twelve Lope was master of the Latin Tongue and the art of rhetorick; could dance and fence with ease and dexterity, and sing with a tolerable taste. Endowed with these accomplishments, he became an orphan, at his first entrance into the world, with every pressure of distress, and was taken into the service of the Bishop of Avila, in whose praise he wrote pastorals, and made his dramatick essay, with a comedy entitled *La Pastoral de Jacinto*. He soon after quitted his patron, went to the university of Alcala, where he studied philosophy, and took a degree; then returned to Madrid, and became secretary to the Duke of Alva, who entrusted him with his most weighty concerns. Encouraged by his new Mecenas, he again tuned his lyre, and sung his praise in a poem entitled *Arcadia*. About this time he married Donna Is-

abella de Urbina, a lady of fashion, on account of whose gallantries he soon after fought a duel, and having grievously wounded his antagonist, fled to Valencia, where he lived some years; after which he returned to Madrid, where, losing his wife, he felt himself animated with a military ardour, and repaired to Cadiz to embark on board the great armada, fitting out by Philip the second, against Queen Elizabeth. In this fleet he sailed for Lisbon in company with his brother, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy, who lost his life in this expedition. Our poet had his share of the misfortunes of that disappointed fleet, and appeared at Madrid without a single friend, became secretary to the Marquis of Malpica, and afterward to the Count of Lemos. Though his first marriage was so unsuccessful, he was in hopes of being more fortunate in that state with Donna Juana de Guardia, a lady of rank, whom he soon after lost. Inconsolable at these repeated afflictions, he entered into the ecclesiastick state, was ordained a priest, and appointed head chaplain to a congregation of priests at Madrid, though he still courted the muses, making this his chief relaxation that softened his sorrows. He was now in the zenith of his poetick glory, and his reputation became so universal, that Pope Urban the Eighth sent him the degree of doctor in divinity, and the cross of the order of Malta, added to a lucrative post in the apostolick exchequer, which Lope held to his death,

which happened in his seventy-third year, to the great regret of the court and every learned man in the kingdom. The Duke of Sesa, who was his patron and executor, caused him to be interred, at his own expense, with such pomp and magnificence as had never been seen before for a private person: the duke invited all the grandees of the kingdom who attended in person in token of their concern at the loss of so distinguished a character. The funeral obsequies lasted three days; all the clergy of the king's chapel assisted, three bishops officiated pontifically, and three of the most eloquent orators exerted themselves in praise of the deceased, adding new laurels to the fame of Lope de Vega, with whom, when living, many princes gloried in being acquainted. Pope Urban wrote him a letter in answer to a dedication of his poem in favour of Mary Queen of Scots, entitled *Conora tragica de Maria Stuardo.* Cardinal Barbarini held a very intimate correspondence with him, as did many other cardinals and noblemen, who courted his friendship. When he walked in the streets, he was gazed upon and followed as a prodigy; he was, moreover, loaded with presents; and by the rapid sale of his numerous works, soon amassed a considerable fortune, and acquired a capital of 150,000 ducats, besides his annual income of fifteen hundred ducats, arising out of his benefices and employments. So great was the fertility of his genius, the amazing readiness of his wit, and rapidity of

thought, added to his animated expression, that perhaps there never was a poet in the world, either ancient or modern, that could be compared to him. His lyrick compositions and fugitive pieces, with his prose essays, form a collection of fifty volumes, beside his dramatick works, which make twenty-six volumes more; exclusive of four hundred scriptural dramatick pieces, called in Spain *Autos Sacramentales*, all which were successively brought on the stage; and, what is still more extraordinary, speaking of his printed works, in one of his pastorals to *Claudio*, he says, they formed the least part of what still remained in his closet. It appears from his own authority, that he used constantly to write five sheets a day, which, multiplied by the days of his life, would make 133,225 sheets; then, reckoning the number of verses corresponding to each sheet, it will appear that, exclusive of prose, he wrote 21,316,000 verses; an unheard of exertion and facility of versification! our author possessing an inexhaustible fund, which, like the fire of Vesuvius, continually afforded new matter, and blazed out incessantly. So extraordinary was the rapidity of his genius, he would often finish a play in twenty-four hours, and some comedies in less than five hours, with as much correctness and elegance in his verse, as the most laboured pieces of other writers of his time. Such was the contemporary of Sir Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, and Spencer. In his *Laurel de Apollo* he has cele-

brated all the good poets of his time; but none were more universally praised from all parts than himself. His surprizing faculties were such, that in his dramatick pieces he broke through all rules of art; yet such was his success, that he was constantly the favourite of the publick, and drew perpetual bursts of applause. It was not his fault if his successors had not talents to conceal their defects, and only imitated his imperfections, rendering the Spanish drama insupportable when deprived of the beauties of Lope: this was foreseen by Cervantes, who reproaches our poet with destroying the rules of the drama, as laid down by the ancients; in order to court popular applause; to obtain which, he lost sight of every idea of nature, or good taste; adding, that the probability of fable dwindled in his hands, and was wafted away by the enchanting magick of verse; all unity of time and place was annihilated; his heroes came out of their cradles, and wandered from east or west as lovers or combatants, put on the cowl of monks, died in cloisters, and worked miracles on the stage. The scene is transported from Italy to Flanders, and as easily shifted from Valencia to Mexico. Footmen discourse like courtiers, princes like bullies, and ladies like chambermaids. The actors appear in legions, often seventy at a time, and close with numerous processions.

"So sensible was Lope of the wildness of his imagination, and how wantonly he sported

with the confidence of the publick, that, speaking of himself, he acknowledges his fault in the following words :

'Mas ninguno de todos llamar puedo
Mas barbaro que yo, pues contra el arte
Me atrevo a dar preceptos, y me dexo
Llevar de la vulgar coriente, a donde
Me llaman ignorante, Italia y Francia.'

" And again,

'Y escrivo por el arte, que inventaron
Los que el vulgar aplauso pretendieron
Porque como los paga el vulgo, es justo
Hablarle en necio, para darle gusto,'

" That is, 'that he was sensible of the reproaches Italy and France would make him for breaking through all rules to please the ignorant publick; but, since it was they that paid for it, they had a right to be pleased in their own way.' "

The above is the account given by Mr. Dillon, which entirely corresponds with the stories we meet with in other authors; but which can never be made to agree with probability. Deducting from his life the years that were dedicated indispensably to other avocations, the time that was necessarily spent in the acquirements of such a person, as well as in eating, drinking, and sleeping; unless it can be proved he neither ate, drank, nor slept, that he stood in no need of acquirements, and that he was born a perfect poet; calculation will make it appear, that he could not have *copied* all which he is said to have *written*; the mechanical labour would have been too great, without attributing the loss of a moment to the labours of invention.

To conceive a comedy in twenty-four hours is very possible; but I never met with the writer who could transcribe one in the time: yet, we are told, that Lope de Vega would finish some comedies in less than five hours, with as much correctness and elegance in his verse as the most laboured pieces of other writers of his time.

His prose writings are said to have been very voluminous; and that, in poetry, he was so prolifick, according to his own authority, as to have written 21,316,000 verses by fair calculation.

To copy two lines of poetry in a minute, for nine hours every day of a man's life, is a labour, which, it is presumed, the human frame could never perform: yet, exclusive of his prose, had Lope de Vega, for the space of fifty years, without a day's intermission, worked nine hours in a day, and copied two lines a minute, it would only amount to 19,710,000 verses.

That, like Calderon de la Barca, he was extremely prolifick there are too many concurring testimonies to be doubted: but, if the works of both these poets did not remain in such great abundance, the truth itself would be rendered dubious by the exaggerated tales that are told of them.

Theatrical Recorder.

For the Polyanthos.

HISTORY OF MAGNETISM.

Plain and concise extracts in natural philosophy will be pleasing and useful to many of the readers of the Polyanthos. This expectation is founded on the nature of the subjects, not on the manner of treating them.

Magnetism has excited the wonder of the profoundest philosopher. Its cause has eluded the most penetrating genius. But its history, or phenomena, cannot be less interesting on that account.

It is said a shepherd, named Magnus, discovered the magnetick property of certain small bodies, by observing them to adhere to the iron of his sandals. Larger bodies, resembling stones, were found possessing the same property. Placed near small ferruginous bodies, they, by attracting such bodies to themselves, became loaded, and were called loadstones. They are, however, generally called magnets, from the name of the shepherd. Loadstones, or natural magnets, are found in almost every mine of iron ore. Their resemblance to bog iron and difficulty of being filed are very great. The *first property*, then, of a magnet is the mutual *attraction* between it and iron or steel. The attractive power is no ways proportionate to the nearness or size of the magnet. A magnet at the distance of six inches, attracted a similar piece of iron with a force equal to three grains; three inches, six grains; one inch,

eighteen grains; and in contact, eighty-seven grains. Some natural magnets, weighing thirty or forty grains, have lifted forty or fifty times their weight of iron. One weighing about three grains lifted 746 grains.

The *second property* of a magnet is its *polarity*. When freely suspended by a thread, a magnet will constantly take such a position, that a point on one side will be toward the north, and an opposite point on the other side toward the south pole. These points are the poles, and the point between and equally distant from them is the centre of the magnet. The poles, however, seldom point exactly north or south. Hence magnets have a *declination* or *variation* eastward or westward.

A line passing through the poles of a magnet is not level, or rather in the plane of the horizon, except at the equator. This is called the *dip* or *inclination* of the magnet, making its *third property*. In the northern hemisphere the north pole is elevated above the plane of the horizon; the reverse takes place in the southern hemisphere.

A piece of iron or steel, laid in contact with a natural magnet, acquires like properties and becomes an artificial magnet, without diminishing the power of the natural one. Artificial magnets will communicate their powers in the same way. Hence the *fourth property* of a magnet is the *communicability of its power*. Here art improves upon nature. A small bar of iron, laid for a while in contact with a magnet, then balanced on a pivot,

becomes a magnetick needle, rendering the polarity, variation, and dip, more evident, interesting and highly useful. By a compass the traveller directs his path through unexplored regions, and the seaman lays his course on the trackless ocean. The surveyor too has enlisted the compass in his service; and by it he follows the course of his predecessors, and renews the lost boundaries of empires.

Lines, run on the earth by a needle, are not right lines, or rather do not lie in the plane of a great circle, with only two exceptions. If a line be run due east or west, north or south, it will return into itself, making a great circle, dividing the earth into two equal parts. All other lines cut the meridians obliquely. As such lines constantly approach the pole but do not run directly toward it, they have a spiral form, whose centre is the pole. A person from any given meridian travelling N. 45° W. will, by continuing his course, return to the same meridian at a point equally distant from the pole and the place of departure. Continuing the same course, he will forever divide the arc of the meridian, between the pole and last place of departure, into two equal parts. He will therefore never arrive at the pole, though constantly approaching it. Hence lines run by compass, for roads or other purposes, are not the shortest that may be between the extreme points; and, if the distance be great, allowance should be made for the curvature of the spiral.

It is very doubtful at what time and by whom the compass was invented. John de Gioja of Naples has the honour of first applying it to navigation in the fifteenth century. Before his time, the most adventurous navigator sailed but a few leagues from shore. With only stars for their guides, safety in the night was precarious as the flight of clouds. Since the invention of the compass the mariner has boldly traversed the broadest oceans, and visited the "utmost corners of the earth."

OMNIVAGANT.

Chelmsford, Feb. 1806.

JUDICIAL ELOQUENCE.

[The following impressive and eloquent Sentence was lately pronounced by *Judge Wilds*, at Charleston, S. C. It is the emanation of a wise understanding—of a warm and feeling heart.]

JOHN SLATER,

You have been convicted by a Jury of your country of the wilful murder of your own slave; and I am sorry to say, the short, impressive, uncontradicted testimony, on which that conviction was founded, leaves but too little room to doubt its propriety.

The annals of human depravity might be safely challenged for a parallel to this unfeeling, bloody, and diabolical transaction.

You caused your unoffending, unresisting slave, to be bound hand and foot, and by a refinement in cruelty, compelled his companion, perhaps the friend of his heart, to chop off

his head with an axe; and to cast his body, yet convulsing with the agonies of death, into the water! And this deed you dared to perpetrate in the very harbour of Charleston, within a few yards of the shore, unblushingly in the face of open day. Had your murderous arm been raised against your equal, whom the laws of self-defence, and the more efficacious laws of the land unite to protect, your crime would not have been without precedent, and would have seemed less horrid. Your personal risk would at least have proved, that though a murderer, you were not a coward. But, you too well knew that this unfortunate man, whom chance had subjected to your caprice, had not, like yourself, chartered to him by the laws of the land, the sacred rights of nature; and that a stern but necessary policy, had disarmed him of the rights of self-defence: Too well you knew, that to you alone he could look for proetction and that your arm alone could shield him from oppression, or avenge his wrongs; yet that arm you cruelly stretched out for his destruction.

The council who generously volunteered his services in your behalf, shocked at the enormity of your offence, endeavoured to find a refuge, as well for his own feelings, as for those of all who heard your trial, in a derangement of your intellect. Several witnessess were examined to establish this fact; but the result of their testimony, it is apprehended, was as little satisfactory to his mind, as to

those of the Jury, to whom it was addressed. I sincerely wish, this defence had proved successful, not from any desire to save you from the punishment which awaits you, and which you so richly merit; but from the desire of saving my country from the foul reproach of having in its bosom so great a monster.

From the peculiar situation of this country our Fathers felt themselves justified in subjecting to a very slight punishment, him who murders a slave:—Whether the present state of society requires a continuation of this policy, so opposite to the apparent rights of humanity, it remains for a subsequent Legislature to decide. Their attention would long ere this, have been directed to this subject, but for the honour of human nature, such hardened sinners as yourself, are rarely found, to disturb the repose of society. The Grand Jury of this district, deeply impressed with your daring outrage against the laws of God and man, have made a very strong expression of their feelings on the subject, to the Legislature; and from the wisdom and justice of that body, the friends of humanity may confidently hope, soon to see this, blackest in the catalogue of human crimes, pursued with appropriate punishment.

In proceeding to pass the sentence, which the law provided for your offence, I confess I never felt more forcibly the want of power to make respected the laws of my country, whose minister I am. You have already vi-

olated the majesty of those laws—You have profanely pleaded, the law under which you stand convicted, as a justification of your crime—You have held that law in one hand, and brandished your bloody axe in the other, impiously contending that the *one* gave a license to the unrestrained use of the *other*.

But, though you will go off unhurt in person, by the present sentence, expect not to escape with impunity. Your bloody deed has set a mark upon you, which I fear the good actions of your future life will not efface. You will be held in abhorrence by an impartial world, and shunned as a monster, by every honest man—Your unoffending posterity will be visited for your iniquity, by the stigma of deriving their origin from an unfeeling murderer—Your days, which will be but few, will be spent in wretchedness—And, if your conscience be not steeled against every virtuous emotion ; if you be not entirely abandoned to hardness of heart, the mangled, mutilated corpse of your murdered slave, will ever be present in your imagination : obtrude into all your amusements ; and haunt you in the hours of silence and repose.

But, should you disregard the reproaches of an offended world ; should you bear, with callous insensibility, the gnawings of a guilty conscience ; yet remember !—I charge you, remember ! that an awful period is fast approaching, and with you, is close at hand, when you must appear before a Tribunal, whose want of power can afford you no pros-

pect of impunity ; when you must raise your bloody hands at the bar of an impartial, omniscient judge !—Remember !—I pray you, remember ! whilst yet you have time, that God is just, and that his vengeance will not sleep forever.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

THE OPERA DANCER:

A DRAMATICK PROVERB.

M. Du Pas, *and* La France : Du Pas *in a Powdering Gown, taking off the Powder before the Chimney-glass.*

Du Pas. La France ! Has the tailor repaired my dancing dress ?

La F. Yes, Sir ; but he has no orders for the new breeches.

Du P. How, no orders ! What does he mean ? I spoke to him yesterday at the opera.

La F. I know it, Sir.

Du P. What more has he to say ?

La F. He talks of other people.

Du P. What people ?

La F. Why—Those that give orders.

Du P. How !

La F. They say, you have had already two pair of breeches, for that dress ; and as for three, it's too much.

Du P. They say all that, do they ?

La F. Yes, Sir.

Du P. Mighty well. It is Sunday to-

morrow, and I shall not dance: I shall go into the country: tell them that.

La F. Yes, Sir.

Du P. Three pair too much! I'll have a dozen. Order my carriage from the coach-maker's, do you hear?

La F. Yes, Sir.

Du P. Ha, ha, two pair! I'll give them a lesson—Somebody knocks; see who it is; —They shall repent.

Enter the COUNT.

Count. Is M. Du Pas at home?

La F. There he stands, Sir.

Du P. (*without turning*) Who is that?

Count. I believe, Sir, you do not know me.

Du P. (*glancing*) Not I, Sir.

Count. I come to request you would give me your opinion on my manner of dancing, for I wish to dance in an opera.

Du P. (*disdainfully*) You!

Count. Yes.

Du P. (*without turning*) You are not tall enough.

Count. That is of no consequence, Will you see? (*dances*)

Du P. (*with a side look*) Pshaw! Wretched!

Count. Yet I have been told—Look at this. (*dances again.*)

Du P. (*regarding him through the glass*) Pitiable!

Count. But, Sir—

Du P. Talking is in vain. You are not what we call a proper subject. I must like-

wise tell you, you have not a—a talent, a genius.

Count. But in this style, for example. (*dances.*)

Du P. That is all main strength. I'll not undertake to prepare you for the opera, not even as a *figurant.*

Count. I do not wish to dance at the opera, Sir I would—

Du P. What, go on the stage at Lyons, or Bordeaux! A soaring ambition truly! Oh, fie!

Count. That is not what I mean. I speak of a private opera, in the country. I am the Count d'Orville.

Du P. (*astonished*) Sir! That is a different affair. Of the Count d'Orville I can only ask pardon. Did you know how I am persecuted—If one listens to these kind of people, one can never get rid of them.

Count. That I can readily believe.

Du P. Let me see once more. (*to* La France, *after throwing off his powdering gown*) Take that away.

Count. Let me have your sincere opinion. (*dances.*)

Du P. Upon my word! Go on! Vastly well! The head and shoulders quite at their ease! No restraint! All grace! Charming! Ay, ay; that is dancing!

Count. Are you really satisfied?

Du P. Oh, excellent! Excellent!

Count. I am glad of that. Do you approve my style in this? (*dances.*)

Du P. Go on! Amazing! Your ear good; your precision astonishing! Continue! Go on! That *entrechat* once more! Wonderful! Exactly as it should be!

Count. You think then I may venture?

Du P. Venture! I wish I had a dancer like you for the opera. I can't think what the devil possessed me, just now, when I talked so foolishly!

Count. You delight me, Sir. I love and admire your frankness.

Du P. But, as I told you, I am tormented about trifles. I am really in despair at not having paid you more attention.

Count. Well, well, but you are now satisfied. How do I carry my arms?

Du P. Admirably! They are quite at ease.

Count. Yes, I think—Hey? And my head?

Du P. Cannot be better. Your ear accurate; each step firm; every part sustained; no constraint.

Count. The very qualities I admire! I shall return and pay you my respects.

Du P. 'Twill give you too much trouble.

Count. Pardon me, Sir; I shall wish for your advice, at some other time, on a *pas de deux* that I have composed. It is quite charming! Greatly admired.

Du P. Whenever you please, *M. le Comte.* I shall always be at your commands. (*attends him as he goes out.*)

Count. Where are you going, Sir? No ceremony among us dancers.

Du P. I do but act as becomes me.

Count. The head and shoulders at ease, no constraint, all grace. I shall not forget!

Du P. Oh, there is no fear of that!

Count. Adieu.

Du P. M. le Comte, I am your very humble servant. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

[Observations here are almost unnecessary, except it be to say, that volumes of these small pieces are to be found in the French language; that, for this species of writing, M. Carmontel is a celebrated author; that these Dramatick Proverbs, as they are called, chiefly consist of single incidents, with few scenes; and that they excellently delineate national manners. The proverb which the author has here chosen to exemplify is *Selon les Gens l'encens.* "Flattery according to rank."

Holcroft.]

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

From D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.

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ORIGIN OF THE MATERIALS OF WRITING.

THE most ancient mode of writing was on *cinders*, on *bricks*, and on *tables of stone*; afterwards on *plates* of various materials, on *ivory*, and similar articles.

In the book of Job, mention is made of the custom of writing on *stone*, and sheets of *lead*. It was on tables of *stone* that Moses received the law written by the finger of God himself. The Gauls, in the time of Cæsar, wrote on *tables*; but of what they were composed is not known. This manner of writing we still retain, in respect to inscriptions, epitaphs, and such memorials as we are desirous should reach posterity.

These early inventions led to the discovery of tablets of *wood*; and as *cedar* is incor-

ruptible because of its bitterness, they chose this wood for their most important writings. From this custom arises the celebrated expression of the ancients, when they meant to give the highest eulogium of an excellent work, *et cedro digna loquuti;* that it was worthy to be written on *cedar*. These *tablets* were made of the *trunks of trees;* the use of them still exists, but in general they are made of other materials than wood. The same reason which led to prefer the *cedar* to other trees induced to write on *wax*, which is incorruptible from its nature. Men generally used it to write their testaments, in order the better to preserve them. Thus Juvenal says, *Ceras implere capaces.*

Saint Isidore of Seville testifies, that the Greeks and Tuscans were the first who used wax to write on. They wrote with an iron bodkin, as they did on the other substances we have noticed. But the Romans having forbidden the use of this instrument, they substituted a *stylus* made of the bone of a bird, or other animal; so that their writings resembled engravings. They also employed *reeds* cut in the form of *pens*.

In the progress of time, the art of writing consisted in *painting* with different kinds of *ink*. This novel mode of writing occasioned them to invent other materials proper to receive their writing. They now chose the thin *peels* of certain *trees*, *plants*, and even the *skins of animals*, which were prepared for this purpose. The first place where they began

to prepare these skins was *Pergamos*, in Asia. This is the origin of the Latin name from whence we have derived that of *parchment*. These skins are however better known amongst the authors of the purest Latin, under the name of *membrana*. They were so called because of the membranes of animals, of which they were composed. The ancients had *parchments* of three different colours, white, yellow, and purple. At Rome white parchment was disliked, because it was more subject to be soiled than the others, and dazzled the eye. They generally wrote in letters of gold and silver on purple parchment. This custom continued in the early ages of the church; and there are yet extant written copies of the evangelists of this kind; of which specimens are preserved in the British Museum.

The Egyptians on their side employed for writing the *bark* or *pith* of a *plant*, called *papyrus*. Formerly there grew great quantities of it on the sides of the Nile. It is this plant which has given the name to our paper, though it is composed of linen or rags, The *Chinese* make their *paper* with *silk*. The use of paper is of great antiquity. It is what the ancient Latinists call *charta* or *chartæ*. The honour of this invention is due to the town of Memphis in Egypt. Before the use of *parchment* and *paper* passed to the Romans, they contrived to use the thin peel which was found on certain trees, between the wood of these trees and their bark. This second skin

they called *liber*, from whence we have derived the names of *library* and *librarian* in the European languages, and the French their *livre* for book. Anciently, instead of folding this bark, this parchment and paper, as we fold ours, they rolled it according as they wrote on it; and the Latin name which they gave these rolls, is passed into our languages, as well as the others. We say a *volume* or volumes, although our books are composed of pages, cut and bound together.

The ancients were still more curious than ourselves in having their books richly conditioned. Besides the tint of purple with which they tinged their vellum, and the liquid gold which they employed for their ink, they were solicitous to enrich with precious stones, the covers of their books. In the early ages of the church, they painted on the outside commonly a dying Christ.

The following additional information, taken from Casley's catalogue of the MSS. in the King's library, is not less curious.

'Varro says, that palm leaves (or mallow leaves) were at first used for writing on; from whence the word began and continued to signify *the leaf* of a *book*, as well as of a tree or plant.

'That the ancients wrote or engraved on brass, is manifest from several instances: the laws of the twelve tables, and other monuments, were kept in the capitol, engraved on brass. The Romans and Lacedemonians wrote to the Jews in tables of brass. There

is a small fragment of writing on *bark*, near one thousand years old, in the Cottonian library; and there are still remaining a few old books in libraries abroad, said to be written on the Egyptian papyrus.

'The art of making paper of cotton, was discovered in the eleventh century; the invention of making paper of linen rags, could not be long after.'

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

TRAGICK ACTORS.

MONTFLEURY, a French comedian, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragick. He died of the violent efforts he made in representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine. The author of the 'Parnasse Reformé' makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, and it conveys a severe raillery on the inconveniences which tragick actors must certainly feel in an extreme degree.

'Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent

emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprize succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniack; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fitter to accompany these different expressions. The man then who would know of what I died, let him not ask if it is of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know, that it is of *the Andromache!*'

Most readers will recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in Zara, which he personated, that Zara, when in her turn she addressed the old man, found him *dead* in his chair.

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of an irritable and delicate nature, may have a very serious effect on the mental faculties. This remark is founded on sufficient evidence. It would not be difficult to draw up a list of ACTORS, who have fallen martyrs to their tragick characters. The reader may recollect several modern instances.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he

used to say, that tragick actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferiour to his enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cæsar*, but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron!* The French writers have preserved a variety of little anecdotes, which testify the admirable talents he displayed. They have recorded one observation of his respecting actors, which is not less applicable to poets and to painters. RULES (said this sublime actor as he is called) may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if PASSION carries them, it will be well done; PASSION KNOWS MORE THAN ART.

NATIONAL PRIDE.

WHEN the Khan of the Tartars, who did not possess a house to live in, and only subsisted upon rapine, had finished his dinner, (consisting of camel's milk, and, perhaps, on extraordinary occasions, a few steaks of horses' flesh) it was proclaimed by a herald, "That all the potentates, princes, and great men of the earth, might sit down at table."

Some Frenchmen who had landed on the coast of Guinea were carried before a negro prince. He was seated under a tree; his throne was a large block of wood, and his guards consisted of three or four negroes armed with wooden pikes. This *mighty* monarch asked—"Do they talk much of me in France?"

A Canadian thought he bestowed the greatest praise on an European, when he said—"He is a man like myself."

ORIGIN OF A POPULAR PHRASE.

THE following article is extracted from the 'Instructions of Kikiaoous, King of Mazanderan, to the Prince his Son;' translated from the Persian, by the celebrated M. Galland.

A taylor of Samarcand, living near the gate that led to the burying-place, had, by his shop-board, *an earthen pot*, hanging upon a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by, and, at the end of every moon, he counted the contents of his pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased. At length the taylor died himself, and, some time after, one that was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, enquired what was become of him? One of the neighbours of the deceased answered, 'the taylor is *gone to the pot* as well as the rest.'

DIGNITY OF POETS.

IT is related of Piron, a French tragick and comick poet, that being one day conversing with a minister at his levee, a nobleman came in, and that the minister then invited them to his cabinet. Unacquainted with Piron, the nobleman bowed, and insisted on his going first. Piron returned the compliment, and the minister turning round,

said to the nobleman, "Pray take the lead, my Lord, Monsieur Piron is only a poet." On which Piron immediately stepped forward and exclaimed, "Since my rank is known, I will take my place."

BIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN BEAU.

A. B. was born in the year—(no matter what)—his parents were—(no matter who) he had a pleasant chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said *pa* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him a *sweet baby*. After this he began to walk alone, went from one end of the room to the other, spoke *pa* and *ma* and several other words very distinctly, and looked so charming that every body declared he was a *pretty boy*. He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a short lesson in the spelling book, and repeat it tohis papa and mamma by heart, (on condition of receiving a slice of plumb cake) and was always desired to walk in when they had company—*now* he was a *charming child*. In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech, which he delivered with such a pleasing accent and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—*a wonderful boy for his years*. He was sent to a higher school, and began to study Latin, arithmetick, wri-

ting, &c. Here he equalled at least, if not excelled his fellow scholars in his proficiency, and played so many droll tricks at the expense of his ushers and school-fellows, that had no scruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad.* He was next sent to college where he outdid all his competitors in the midnight frolick, played an excellent hand at whist, learned to drink his bottle, and was so pleasant in singing a catch or glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him the epithet a *promising fellow.* Here too he distinguished himself in certain amours rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bedmaker or laundress, daughter ; when his parents were informed of his gallantry, they cried out in extacy—Jack is *a wild dog;* and to which his father added—d--d sensible ! His terms being over, he was sent to London and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to study the law and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances with whom he ate, drank, gamed, and *saw fights.* He was the life and soul of his company, for he knew more and had more money than most of them ; and the sly old benchers of thi inns shook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine dashing fellow.* In his anxiety to see the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the club in St. James's to the cellars in St. Giles's, and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind os conviviality

that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog and no fool.* He, now began to dress in *style* —and keep women *in style*—dine *in style*, and give suppers *in style.* He was a great man at the coffee houses—in the bov lobby of the theatres his person was an object—his opinion a law ; and from his general acquaintance with the *fair frail*, people began to consider him a *buck* : In time he learned to judge of horse flesh, frequented the races, betted considerably on the favourite horse of the day and won large sums. Lords uow shook hands with him, and grave senators asked his opinion not on *state*, but on *stable* affairs, and he was known in the coffee houses as one of the fraternity ; in a word he was—*a knowing one.* But some how or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in his own hands, began to decrease—he was less successful in his bets—his bills remained unpaid for months—tradesmen began to be clamourous—money must be qad—and to get it he ventured on many schemes which the world does not approve of, nor think quite consistent with honesty, and became—*a black legs.* Amidst all this he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, pursued his amours with *inconstant constancy*, and with the advantages of a good person, some art, and some assurance, he was set down for —*a devil among the women.* In the progress of time however he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to

sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from publick life. In managing this matter he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards and swore—"*ash Got is my judges, he is no Chrestian.*" After this he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, besides the characters above mentioned, several others, such as *odd fellow—hearty cock—pleasant dog—queer kind of a b.—a rum one* &c. and at last he died at his lodgings at a hair dresser's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and personal effects to an old woman, who swept his room, made his bed, and *tucked him up;* which occasioned people to say—"ay, he was still the *old man.*" There was not however enough left to bury him, and the parish took this expense off the shoulders of his *wealthy* old *friends*, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation of—"*poor devil!* what! is he dead?—Well, I knew him once, a *fine fellow.*"

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

QUAINT TITLES.

THE prevailing rage to catch the publick ear by some specious or surprising *title*, has rendered many authors as ridiculous, in naming their works, as quacks or mountebanks. We have been pestered with 'Mysteries of the *Black* Tower'—'Mysteries elucidated'—'Mystery of Mysteries'—'My Uncle Thomas'—'Out at last'—'Man as he is not'—

'Woman as she should be :'—and many things which should *not be*. Among others 'St. Godwin, by St. Leon'—on which an irritated wag was revenged by exhibiting at the side of it 'St. Devil, by Satan.'

But novelists are not alone in this prostitution of literature. In professional knowledge there is practised a kind of swindling, equalled only by that political swindling, which has helped many a jockey in to office, in a certain country somewhere this side of the moon. '*Every man his own lawyer*,' and '*Every man his own doctor*,' are titles, by which scribblers induce the unlettered to buy their vile trash. We expect the next new *catch-penny* production will be some lame dissertation, with the equally consistent and pretty title of '*Every man his own wife*.'

Troy Gaz.

PREACHING.

When Dr. S. once preached at St. James's, a by-stander observed, "he did better last year."—"He did not preach at all last year," replied another—"The very thing I meant," answered he.

DOUBLE PUN.

The Earl of Leicester, that unworthy favourite of Queen Elizabeth, forming a park about Cornbury, and thinking to enclose it with posts and rails, was one day calculating the expense : A gentleman who stood by told him he did not go the cheapest way

to work. "How can I do it cheaper?" said my lord of Leicester. "Why," replied the gentleman, "if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*."

SELECT SENTENCES.

HE who betrays another's secrets, because he has quarrelled with him, was never worthy of the sacred name of *friend;* a breach of kindness on the one side will not justify a breach of trust on the other.

MORE female characters are lost by lenity than by intrigue.

HE who has debauched a woman is a villain; but if he suffers her, therefore, to be insulted, he is a scoundrel.

GAMING is the vice of hope.

THE girl who has inflamed her passions, by novel-reading, is a *piece* ready charged and primed; the least *spark* (if I may be excused the triple pun) will make her *go off*.

THE voluptuary glories in his passions; the philosopher wishes he had none.

THE habit of reading, though even of indifferent performances, is not a little beneficial; insomuch as it may serve to withdraw the memory from subjects of domestick grief, or direct the mind from thoughts which engender perilous passions: but the advantage of reading *good* books is incalculably great; for though we should not put all, or

any, of its precepts into immediate practice, it is laying in a fund, a treasure of morality, which, sooner or later, may come into use.

THE wife who looks for happiness at home must be very circumspect in her conduct abroad; for the moment a husband begins to doubt, he ceases to love.

WE are so far from being justified in withholding our assistance from any one, *because he has brought his misfortunes on himself*, that we ought so much the more readily to relieve him; for doubly acute must his sufferings be, who is also conscious of his sins or follies.

NEVER trust appearances; whatever noise a drum makes 'tis only filled with air.

A GOOD book is the best of friends: you can entertain yourself pleasantly with that when you have not a friend in whom you may confide.

PATIENTLY endure all the attacks of those that envy you; you will by that means conquer them all. Thus fire itself is extinguished, when it meets with nothing that it can burn.

WHATEVER perfections you have, do not boast of them, because men will not believe you on your own word.

IGNORANCE is unjust towards all the world.

THE MINSTREL.

SELECTED FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

IMITATION
OF THE "OTIUM DIVOS" OF HORACE.

By Warren Hastings, Esq.

For ease the harrass'd seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The cape's surrounding wave;
When hanging o'er the reef, he hears
The crackling mast, and sees or fears
Beneath, his watery grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils,
And hardier Seik erratick toils,
While both their ease forego;
For ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes nor gems, which oft belie
The cover'd heart below.

For neither gold, nor gems, combin'd
Can heal the soul, or suffering mind:
Lo! where their owner lies:
Perch'd on his couch, distemper breathes,
And care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliss possess'd;
Let but his mind, unfetter'd, tread
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wise as well as bless'd.

Nor fears his peace of mind annoy,
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
Which labour'd years have won;
Nor pack'd committees break his rest,

Nor avarice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.
Short is our span; why then engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by Fate consign'd?
Why slight the gifts of nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will,
And discontent attend him still,
Nor quit him while he lives;
At sea, care follows in the wind;
On land, it mounts the pad behind,
Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
Must laugh the present ills away,
Nor think of woes to come;
For come they will, or soon or late,
Since mix'd, at best, is man's estate,
By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive liv'd renown'd,
With lacks enrich'd, with honours crown'd,
His valour's well-earn'd meed:
Too long, alas! he liv'd to hate
His envied lot, and died too late,
From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliot's doom:
I saw his opening virtues bloom,
And manly sense unfold,
Too soon to fade. I bade the stone
Record his name, midst hordes unknown,
Unknowing what it told.

To thee, perhaps, the fates may give,
(I wish they may) in health to live,
Herds, flocks and fruitful fields;
Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine,
With these the muse, already thine,
Her present bounty yields.

For me, O Shore, I only claim
To merit, not to seek for, fame,
The good and just to please;
A state above the fear of want,
Domestick peace, Heaven's choicest grant,
Health, leisure, peace and ease.

ODE TO DEATH,

BY FREDERICK II, KING OF PRUSSIA.

From the French, by Dr. Hawkesworth.

Yet a few *years* or *days* perhaps,
Or *moments* pass with silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew
And life's fantastick dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
And endless darkness wraps me round!
Yes, Death, is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Against this fleeting life of mine,
And where for succour can I fly?
If art with flattering wiles pretend
To shield me like a guardian friend,
By Art, ere Nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
This idol Flesh to dust consign'd,
Once call'd from dust by power divine:
Its features change, 'tis pale, 'tis cold—
Hence dreadful spectre! to behold
Thy aspect, is to make it mine.

And can I then with guilty pride,
Which fear nor shame can quell or hide,
This flesh still pamper and adorn?

Thus viewing what I soon *shall be*,
Can what I *am* demand the knee,
Or look on aught around with scorn ?

But then this spark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks, what fate betides ?
Can this be dust, a kneaded clod !
This yield to death ! the soul, the mind,
That measures heaven, and mounts the wind,
That knows at once itself and GOD ?

Great Cause of all, above, below,
Who knows thee must forever know,
Immortal and divine !
Thy image on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids Eternity be mine.

Transporting thought !—but am I sure
That endless life will joy secure ?
Joys only to the just decreed !
The guilty wretch expiring goes,
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
That endless mis'ry may succeed.

Great God, how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath between ;
And can I jest, and laugh and play ?
To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
Trees, deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys, which envy'd greatness gains,
How do ye bind with silken chains,
Which ask Herculean strength to break !
How with new terrours have ye arm'd
The power whose slightest glance alarm'd !
How many deaths of one ye make !

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race in errour bold,
Forget or scorn, the *laws* of death ;
With *these* no projects coincide,

For me, O Shore, I only claim
To merit, not to seek for, fame,
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How many deaths of one ye make !

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race in errour bold,
Forget or scorn, the *laws* of death ;
With *these* no projects coincide,

Nor vows nor toils, nor hopes *they* guide,
Each thinks he draws immortal breath.
Each blind to fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues, or fights for wealth or power,
And slumb'ring dangers dare provoke:
And he who tott'ring scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desp'rate band,
Scorn rocks, gulfs, winds, search sea and land,
And spoil new worlds wherever found.
Seize, haste to seize the glittering prize,
And sighs, and tears, and prayers despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed, but look again,
The desperate hand you seek in vain,
Now trod in dust the peasant's scorn.
But who, that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal born?

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progress wide and far,
Sure he shall reign while ages fly;
No, vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die.

And is it true, I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bled
Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel,
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corse was left to rot,
And doom'd the hungry reptile's meal?

Yes, fortune weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, casts away,
And scarce the form of man is seen:
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow,
Around my brows no roses glow,
The cypress mine, funereal green.

Yet in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful Truth unveil'd appears,
Some power unknown usurps my breast;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in folly's labyrinth tread,
And Fancy dreams that life is blest.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom Pleasure's flowery wreaths can bind,
And captive to her altars lead!
Weak Reason yields to Frenzy's rage,
And all the world is Folly's stage,
And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet this strange, this sudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
This fickleness so light and vain,
In life's delusive transient dream,
Where men nor things are what they seem,
Is all the real good we gain.

EPIGRAM.

"How comes it," says a wealthy cit,
(Discoursing with a man of wit)
"That Fortune doth so seldom shed
Her favours on a poet's head,
While Ignorance throughout the land,
Walks with the Goddess, hand in hand?"
"Let not the matter cause surprize,
'Tis thus," the Muses' son replies:
"Some time ago, but when or where,
I know as little as I care,
Fortune and Phœbus disagreed,
And mortals suffer by the deed;
For when they visit here below,
Their different bounties to bestow,
Wherever one's arriv'd before,
The other always shuns the door."

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

FROM sorrow free, and tears, and dull despair,
I liv'd contented in a sweet repose;
I heeded not the happier star of those
Whose amorous wiles achiev'd each conquer'd fair;
(Such bliss I deem'd full dearly bought with care:)
Mine was meek Love, that ne'er to frenzy rose,
And for its partners in my soul I chose
Benevolence, that never dreamt a snare,
And Independence, proudly cherish'd there!
—Dead now is happiness—'tis past, 'tis o'er—
And in its place, the thousand thoughts of yore,
Which haunt my melancholy bosom, seem
Like the faint memory of a pleasing dream—
They charm a moment—and they are no more!

THE POET AND THE CRITICK.

"BEAR me," cries Stanza, "to some peaceful shade,
Where not the breath of ether can pervade;
By all the busy plodding world forgot,
And sweet content shall share my humble cot."
"Stay where thou art," cried Censor in reply,
"Nor for the peaceful shade or cottage sigh;
Retirement more secluded from mankind
Than in thy garret thou canst never find;
Let days revolving swell oblivion's store,
And time coin years until his bags run o'er,
Here, undisturb'd, no rude intrusion dread,
For none inquire where Stanza rests his head."

THE DRAMA.

Truth loves open dealing....*Shakespeare.*

THE following observations on theatrical criticism we have read with much satisfaction. They form the prospectus of the *Theatrical Censor*, a work of great literary merit, now publishing at Philadelphia. We present them to our readers as containing sentiments perfectly congenial with ours, and which we are conscious can receive from us no greater embellishment.

"AMONGST the happiest inventions of genius may be classed scenick compositions. The aim of the muse was admirably advanced, when, to language and the lyre, she added the powers and charms of action.

"This species of amusement, however, if improperly managed, is a certain source of evil. To make it useful, "we must show virtue her own feature," vice her deformity. We must "hold the mirror up to nature," and renounce the trash which has so long sullied the pages of the drama.

"The stage is the direct School of Vice, when it presents immoral scenes, when it utters base and corrupt sentiments, under the specious semblance of candour and truth. It becomes a nuisance to society, when a false taste presides over its representations; when the passions are caricatured, when manners are miscopied, when its language

is barbarous, its pronunciation vicious, or its delivery vulgar.

"But, under proper management, the stage becomes the School of Virtue, the School of Manners, the great School of Society. In it is taught whatever is interesting not only to man, but to civilized man. It teaches all that ennobles, all that embellishes human life. It teaches all the decencies of publick and private intercourse. It is the School of Morals; it is the School of Arts; it is the School of Language; it is the School of *Piety*.

Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis.

"For the beneficial direction of these advantages on whom must we depend? On the manager. On him devolves the responsibility, the credit or the discredit. His is the satisfaction in the just and careful discharge of his duty; of the enviable consciousness that his private views are accomplished with publick advantage, and that while he enriches himself, he is bestowing an invaluable treasure on his fellow citizens, on the state. He knows that he is ameliorating and polishing his age and country; and his reward extends far beyond the increased weight of his well-lined purse. He enjoys not only the praise and sanction of persons of taste and letters, but the good wishes of the philosopher—the gratitude of the legislator. With so many noble objects before his eyes, his efforts should be unceasing, as his reward will be glorious.

"A manager, however, is seldom in a situation to make his will his sole guide. His condition is somewhat similar to that of what are called absolute monarchs, but who wear the chains of popular opinion; who may, indeed, make and unmake the attendants in their antichambers, but who would risk their existence if they attempted the subversion of established and general customs. The publick, in the final resort, govern the stage. First, the publick forms the stage; then the stage forms the publick; and again the publick directs the stage. The manager must produce what the publick will sit to hear. He must engage those actors and actresses whom the publick applaud; and

> Such plays alone should please the publick ear
> As Cato's self would not disdain to hear.

And what is a critick? One of the publick, who expresses audibly his opinion, and endeavours to make it that of the majority. His aim is the perfection of the art, the reputation of the manager and performers, and the benefit of the publick. Is he the enemy of the drama? Far from it. He delights in it; he enjoys its honours, he resents its injuries; he laments when it is disgraced. Is he the enemy of the theatre? No. He strives to make it an object of attention; to multiply its attractions; to purge away its defects. Is he the enemy of the performer? Yes: of that performer who neglects his profession; who disfigures the stage; who oc-

cupies a station to which he is inadequate. But, of genius, and the performer who studies to deserve the wreath, is he the enemy? No: he is his active friend; he calls aloud for the general acknowledgment of his merit; he points out his particular excellencies; he labours, perhaps, to rescue him from neglect, and lead him out of the shadow of some dull, but more fortunate, rival;—and though not the most gracious of his undertakings, he strives to cure him of his faults.

"Is he the enemy of the publick? would he proscribe its amusements, or damp its pleasures? He defends, he partakes of the former, and his efforts are the increase of the latter. Is he an ill-humoured caviller? Is he unwilling to be pleased, or to let others be so? Are his criticisms unfounded? Are his opinions false, his taste gross or fantastick? Is he ignorant of what he sets up to judge? If so, pass him by; if he murmur, never heed him: and, for his writings, they will repose in "the tomb of all the Capulets."

"But if his judgment be sane, his purpose is certainly estimable. He is the voice of an enlightened audience; he demands in their name that the ear shall not be offended by those who found their claims on giving it pleasure; that the productions of transcendant genius shall not be so represented as to sully their glory; that elocution and language shall not be debased, where models will necessarily be taken; and finally, that the feelings of the audience shall not be in-

sulted, nor youth misled, where under a salutary regimen, the best affections will be cherished and the purest lessons inculcated. Such are the demands of every discerning auditor.

"These, then, are the pretensions of criticism; these are its objects: and their utility no man will deny. Dramatick criticism never wanted the support of the lovers of the drama; and the list of subscribers to this little work sufficiently proves that there is no deficiency of taste for theatrical amusements on this side the Atlantick."

BOSTON THEATRE.

If you look for a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring...*Shakes.*

FEB. 28. Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* was performed for the first time these three years, for the benefit of Mr. Cooper, who took leave of the audience in the part of *Sir John Falstaff.* His assumption of this character was honourable to himself, as a votary of the comick muse, and highly gratfying to a brilliant and overflowing audience. Mr. C. was perfect master of the language, and gave it such force and energy in delivery, that not a word was lost. The description of his soldiers, in the fourth act, might defy the most stubborn cynick to preserve the moroseness of his countenance. The voice, the gesture and the gait of *Cooper* were completely swallowed up in the doublet and hose of *Falstaff.* He was deficient in

nothing but ease: and, as use can "almost change the stamp of nature," the time probably is not far distant, when Mr. Cooper's *Falstaff* may be reckoned a master-piece of comick excellence.

Of Mr. Usher in *King Henry* we cannot speak otherwise than well. He was correct, warm and impressive. We should have been more pleased, however, to have seen him in Percy.

To Mr. Twaits in the *Prince of Wales*, during the two first acts, we gave our hearty approbation. The more serious parts were not sufficiently marked by that dignity of deportment which characterizes the hero.—*Worcester* might truly say of *Hotspur*,

> He apprehends a world of figures here,
> But not the form of what he should attend.

MARCH 2. The grand dramatick romance of *Lodoiska* was produced this evening, with entire new scenery, executed by Mr. Milbourne. The fable of the piece has been already published.

Of the character of the performance general commendation might be expressed with rigid propriety. But the office of a censor involves also the *unpleasant duty* of censure upon errours, whether they proceed from want of attention or want talent. We have not the leisure to be specifick in our strictures; and therefore a few lenient comments must suffice for the present.

We have often observed one general fault in the declamation of Mr. Fox;—he is too

flatulent. And it may be added, that where this vice in speaking exists, the soul of all acting or reading, *discrimination* itself, is lost in a hurricane of *sound*. Mr. Fox certainly possesses considerable merit, as a general actor ; but he should have remembered, that *Kera Khan*, though a Tartar, has something beside a ferocious look, long whiskers, and an imperative voice, to recommend him. He is actuated by an innate dignity and nobleness of mind ; and though goaded by cruel injury, and hurried by impetuous passion, would never

> Have torn, without mercy, that passion to rags,
> Nor resembled stern *Boreas*, untying his bags !

Mr. Darley sung his first air with infinite taste, expression and sweetness. In the execution of " Descend, some warring angel," he was a little deficient in spirit ; a defect which was observable throughout the performance of the character. As this, however, is a common charge against all *vocalists*, except Vernon, Webster and Kelly, it is but justice to add that his *acting* efforts were much *above* mediocrity.

Lodoiska had a lovely and interesting representative in Mrs. Darley. Her figure and powers were finely adapted to the character ; and it was not without regret we observed, that, in the tender and expressive air, " Ye streams, that round my prison creep," she sung with feeble execution. In other respects, the " captive princess" could not have been better supported.

Mr. Usher sustained the Baron *Lovinski*, with dignified force and spirit. But there is one passage in his soliloquy in the third act, in which the feudal sternness of his character is softened into the tenderest sympathy for the fate of the lost *Lodoiska*.

To Mr. Twaits, in *Varbel*, we render our tribute of unqualified admiration. In *this* character he cannot be surpassed. With an abundant store of *comick salt*, he never sprinkles it without discretion; and though no man alive knows better *when* and *how* to sharpen the sting of a jest, he seems always aware, that

> A cobweb partition but thinly divides
> Those efforts, a critick applauds or derides.

This splendid, expensive and interesting drama was received with universal satisfaction; and we are sorry to say that so liberal and judicious an effort of the manager to preserve the attractions of the theatre, after the departure of Mr. Cooper, has not been crowned with an adequate compensation.

MARCH 7. *The Wife of two Husbands.* This interesting drama seemed to have lost some of the attractions it possessed last season. It was received, however, with general approbation.

MARCH 12. *The Will for the Deed*, a new comedy by T. Dibdin. This piece contains some humour, though not much originality. The principal comick character is *Motto*, a landlord, who, having been bred a herald painter, interlards his conversation with the

mottoes he has painted upon coach doors, corporation arms, &c. This character, perhaps, is not uncommon in real life, though the picture may be too highly coloured. Mr. Twaits personated it with his accustomed humour. *Reference*, the manager of a provincial theatre, whose language is principally composed of quotations, was not quite so happy in his representative. The allusions to the titles of plays were not properly discriminated.

MARCH 17. *A bold Stroke for a Husband*, by Mrs. Cowley. Mrs. Powell's *Olivia* was animated and sprightly. We were much pleased with Mrs. Usher's *Victoria*. In the habiliments of the other sex, her figure, manners and deportment were graceful and modest. We hope to see her often brought forward in characters of this description.—The pantomime which succeeded the play, founded on Lewis's tale of *The Fire King*, was "stale, flat and unprofitable."

MARCH 19. *The Rage*, by Reynolds, afforded us much gratification. *Lady Sarah Savage*, by Mrs. Shaw, we think was a little "over-done." *Sir Paul Perpetual*, by Mr. Fox, we also thought rather too broad a caricature. *Darnley*, by Usher, and *Gingham*, by Twaits, we never wish to see done better. In the modest, tender and virtuous wife, Mrs. Powell is always pleasing; and Mrs. Darley, in the character of *Clara Sedly*, was "the child of nature."—The new pantomime, called *Harlequin in Boston*, fell short of expectation.

MARCH 24. The *Clandestine Marriage* and *The Devil to pay*. Criticism has frequently declared *Lord Ogleby* to be the best of all Mr. Bernard's personations. It would therefore be superfluous to point out the particular excellencies of what all acknowledge to be superlatively excellent.—*Lovewell* by Mr Fox was imperfect. If he possesses that principle called *gratitude*, he must be conscious of the infinite obligations he is under to the rest of the company, and particularly to *Lord Ogleby*; who, amidst the tortures of the gout and asthma, so kindly assisted him in the recollection of his part. We take this opportunity to repeat what we have before asserted—that Mr. Fox might make a respectable actor if he would endeavour to correct some of his errours, and appear in such parts only as are fitted to his figure and talents. But, like Nick Bottom, his "humour is for a tyrant, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." He would be more agreeable if he would sometimes imitate his illustrious prototype of Athens more closely, and "speak in a monstrous little voice."—We cheerfully pronounce Mr. Darley the best representative of *Canton* we have ever seen. As the evening's entertainments were for the benefit of this gentleman,—respectable in private life, and the most scientifick singer that has ever appeared on our stage,—it was with extreme regret we witnessed the "beggarly account of empty boxes."—We should not have noticed Mr. Downie's *Brush*, had he not, in the

drunken scene, so unnaturally "o'erstept the modesty of nature." We would ask Mr. D. upon what authority he pronounces *duty, stupid,—juty, schupid?*

In the performance of *Mrs. Heidleberg*, Mrs. Shaw did not receive the applause she merited. It has given us many unpleasant sensations to observe the late repeated attempts of some ill-natured persons, to interrupt the performance, and injure the feelings of this lady, by raising a *hiss*. "That's villainous, and shews a pitiful *disposition* in the fool that *practises* it." Notwithstanding the improprieties observable in some of her performances, we do not hesitate to declare, that, on the score of useful talent, she is generally deserving of approbation.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Shakespeare's *King Lear*, altered and adapted to the stage by Kemble, will be brought forward in a few days for the benefit of Mr. Usher.

Mr. Cooper made his first appearance at New-York, March 5, in Hamlet. The criticks of the city think his representation of the royal Dane to be much improved. "*Curatii*," a writer in the Morning Chronicle, to whom we have generally been indebted for our theatrical intelligence from New-York, says, "Mr. C. has happily laid aside the ranting which he was accustomed to introduce into this personation, and instead of seeing, as

formerly, the boisterous, angry *actor*, we now view the grief-worn, melancholy *Hamlet*."

Saturday evening, March 8, Mr. Cooper and the whole company volunteered their services, and gave the use of the theatre, for the benefit of a Miss Dellinger, whose father, a short time before, in a fit of despondency, put a period to his life.

A new musical entertainment, called *Tars from Tripoli*, has been several times performed at New-York.

Mr. Cooper is now performing at Philadelphia, where he is engaged for nine nights. He began the 17th of March, in the character of Macbeth.

The following compliment to Mr. C. appeared in the Philadelphia Gazette, the morning after his first peformance.

If manly sense—if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting, vast and unconfin'd;
If fewest faults, with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange powers, which lie
Within the magick circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts like his can know,
And which no face as well as his can shew,
Deserve the preference—*Cooper*, take the chair,
Nor quit it, till thou place an equal there.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

THE present number closes the first volume of the Polyanthos. The number and respectability of its subscribers far exceed expectation; and no exertions shall be wanting to make it worthy a continuance of their patronage. It has hitherto been embellished with but few *native* pro-

ductions: but hopes are still cherished, that to the inclemency of the wintry skies, which lowered on its humble birth, the genial rays of Phœbus will succeed, and cause it to produce foliage of the noblest nature, and flowers of the finest fragrance. If cultured by the hand of liberality and watered by the streams of munificence, it cannot fail to flourish.

The theatrical criticisms in the last number, though not dictated by prejudice or ill-nature, have disturbed the repose of some, kindled the resentment of others, and created many personal enemies to the editor. Our labours in that department were begun with an irrevocable determination to adhere strictly to impartiality; to bestow liberal commendation upon merit; and to withhold it from errour and absurdity. If this principle has not been followed, it is not from peevishness or malevolence, but want of discernment. The remarks which produced the *flutter in the green-room*, and so loudly called for some "sweet oblivious antidote," we not only "powerfully and potently believe" to be just, but "hold it honesty to have it thus set down." Those whom it may concern are assured, that their *publick scribbling* or *private threats* produce no intimidation; and it is more from principles of benevolence than fear, that impertinence has not received its merited chastisement.

To Correspondents.

A communication "No. 2," from Chelmsford, is postponed for reasons given last month. If the writer can, under any other title, *cheat mankind into the road of honour*, his productions will be acceptable.

Contemplator, No. 3, is unavoidably omitted.

C. H. K. is received.

INDEX TO VOLUME FIRST.

PROSE.

	Page
AMERICAN Antiquities	39
America	159
Biography of the Rev. J. Belknap	5
of Col. T. Butler	13
of T. A. Cooper	73
of Mr. Fennel	187
of G. R. Minot	217
of a Modern Beau	261
of Commodore Preble	145
of Maj. Gen. Putnam	115, 149, 228
of John Tobin	86
Beauties of the Drama	33, 167, 249
Books of Love and Devotion	184
Clifton the American Poet	125
Contemplator	90, 158
Dignity of Poets	260
Double Pun	261
Douglas	185
Dramatick Anecdotes	122, 190
Drama	59, 135, 205, 275
Essay on Periodical Performances	17
Effusion of a Melancholy Hour	102
Enchanted Tapestry	114
Friendship	49
Golden verses of Pythagoras	97
Gossamour	56, 198
Hell	112
Historical Anecdotes	162, 253
History of Magnetism	242
Hieroglyphicks	183
Interesting Narrative	23
Judicial Eloquence	245
Knowledge	46
Knowledge of Nature in Shakespeare	42
Lope de Vega	234
Learning	45
Modern Poetry	38
National Pride	239
Omens	26
Origin of a popular phrase	260
Preaching	275
Philip the Third	109
Popular Writings	108
Power of inward feelings	49
Presumption	42
Progress of old age in new studies	111
Publius Lentulus's Letter	44
Quaint Titles	264
Regulation of Desire	48
Select Sentences	51, 199, 266
Sentiments of the multitude	48
Sketches of Criticism	93
Spencer, Johnson and Shakespeare	179
Titles of sovreigns	181
Tragick Actors	267
Theatrical Chit Chat	144, 216, 285
Wooden Leg	192

POETRY.

Advice to a Friend	133
To a Butterfly	57
On a Butterfly	204
Canzon from Camoens	53, 57
Canzonet, do.	56, 132
Epitaph	133
Epigram	273
Imitation of Horace	268
Life	201
Lines on the Passaick	203
Ode to Death	270
Power of Love	53
Reply Churlish	134
Sonnet to Hope	58
from Camoens	134, 274
written at midnight	413
The Poet and Critick	274
To Sensibility	281
The Wish	134
Wealth of the Cottage	203

Page
242
183
23
245
46
in
42
234
45
38
239
26
ase 260
275
109
108
gs 49
42
new
111
er 44
264
48
99, 266
tude 48
93
hake-
179
181
267
44, 216,
285
192

270
53
134
58
34, 274
ight 413
274
281
134
ge 203

S. Harris sc.

Mr. BERNARD.